

✠ A flamm =
derous Libell

(cast abroad) vnto an Epi-
taph set forth vpon the death
of D. E. Boner, with a Reply
to the same lying Libell,

by T. Broo.

Sommes

2⁰³



Imprinted at Lon-
don by Iohn Daye, dwelling
ouer Aldersgate.



The Libell,

who so speaketh that he should not:
must heare what he would not.

MArch forth in malice brawling Brooke,
let taunting tounge haue no restraint:
Spew ou: the worst thou canst inuent,
against this Boner blessed saint.

Spare not to speake most slaunderous speech,
against this Prelate dead and gone:
Declare thy selfe like furious dogge,
to bite and barke at euery stone.

Reply.

At length I finde thy lies I waigh not:
Truth bids me answer altho I would not.

No malice moued hath my minde,
nor tauntingly the truth I penne:
No spite did cause me to depaint,
this Boner saint of Sathans denne.

Where as the deuill beares the crosse,
a holy sort it should appeare:
If Boner be a blessed saint,
then cruell Nero neede not feare.

The slaughter house had open wrong,
that Boner was a Byshop made:
And Newgate lost his right that day,
so skilfull he in Baylers trade.

No madde braine moode hath me prouokt,
nor Boner dead I ought despise:
which thou mightst see with open eyes,
but Boner like thou hast the light.

But loe from thee now flascheth forth,
the burning sprite of Boners brest:
which wonted was in wilfull sozt,
the law and truth with wzong to wzest.

Yet for I heard of some so sonde,
to thinke that he was wzonged much:
A peece (not all) of his leude lite,
I thought no shame oz sinne to touch.

I conlde haue tolde the numbers, great
of vices vile the viper had:
whose fury fell and franticke force,
oft honest hartes with care hath clad.

And Epitaphes do onely serue,
the wightes enthzald by Atropos:
which els the same of their desertes,
oz good oz badde might happe to lose.

Some playse the Lawyers iudgementes right,
some vaunt the warriours worthynes:
Some tell the vertues of the wise,
some shew of Boners blouddynes.

Not I then like a furious dogge,
in death haue sauage Boner bite:
Nor raging I with stormy streames,
but calmely loe my floudes did flitte.

The Libell.

Thy rayling toung against good men,
is to well knowne seuen yeares agoe:
what slander thou against him heapest,
if truth were knowne be nothing so.

A.ij.

Reply.

Reply.

Thou doest me wrong thus to accuse,
of flaundring any honest man;
Or now, or seuen yeares agoe,
name thou the wight if that thou can.
In rayling thou art Boners childe,
in scoffes, in scoldes, in slaunders vile,
In lyings leude in Popery,
it seemes thy dame did not begile.
Most like thy dad in euery poynt,
yet bastard none for ought I know:
For maiden Priest as Bener was,
whose children liude not long ago.
The infernall sprites do daunce for ioy,
to heare this Boners babe thus baule:
And falsehode fleeres to finde such frendes,
as seeke with lyes the truth to gaule.
Is this the iust reward I haue,
that sought in silence for to hide:
The halfe of all his wretchednes,
which thou mightst shaine to heare discide?
Thou shewest thy selfe euen what thou art
a blessed babe of Baalams broode:
Not able to maintaine thy part,
in slaundering swellest like a tode.

The Libell.

The law thou thinkest is on thy side,
to rayle at randome as thou listest:
And for thy slaunderous wordes thou hopest,
that none should thee resist.

Reply.

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The law is on my side I know,
the perfect law of God it is:
which to reprove thou hast no power,
though serpent like thou subtilly hisse.

This was the practise of the Jewes,
to cloke their faultes with false report:
Their cursed crueltie to hide,
and sinnefull sectes for to support.

The Libell.

His vertues rare did thee displease,
for theenes against iust iudges speake:
Till Partha cut his fatall threed,
thy woefull swrath thou durst not weake.

Doth Gospell which thou doost professe,
teach thee to dip thy penne in gall,
And so defame such learned men,
whom vertue doth to honour call.

Reply.

Yea more then rare his vertues were,
for vertue none in him did rest:
As time did serue I sought to shew,
the vices which I still detest.

If I in ought haue Boner wrongde,
it is in that I not displaide:
Vnto the full his wretched life,
and Wagan Wagentes that he plaide.

But now lich that ye geue the cause,
to thend you Wapistes should not thinke:
Your lying lippes and laundrous wordes,
from known truth should make me shrinke.

In playner sort I iustly proue,
that Boner for his great outrage:
Did Achab passe and Iezabell,
a Dioclesian of our age.

And if my verse seeme somewhat sharpe,
yet from the truth I will not swarne:
And unprouokte of enuies roote,
yelde milder wordes then ye deserue.

Some theeves agaynst iust iudges speake,
so Caiphas did agaynst his Christ:
But if that thou call Boner iust,
I well can proue thou shainefully lyeest.

Be oft for meede peruerterd right,
a cruell tyranne in his dayes:
He bolstered bawdry by his might,
and simonie by Romishe sayes.

And thou doest follow him apace,
to raike and raue without cause why:
The thinges thou canst not iustly proue,
thou fortifiest with a lye,

With spiders iuice thy penne is wet,
no Gospells loze thy young doth guide:
But Pluto or his younglinges skill,
the poysoned hope high prince of pride,

By false hypocrisie we see,
did Boner clime to honours height:
And placed there unworthy he,
all vertues wayes despised straight.

Yet London may his Aginotaure,
his Boner boast for all assayes:

**Sith Becker neuer bried such bale,
nor halfe so well the Pope could please.**

**why did ye not shryne him aline,
Saint Dunstane might haue done the deede:
Swete saint Fraunces or Boniface,
or Belzebub for better speede.**

The Libell.

**we see how thou in Rethoricke rooldest,
as one in Schemes and Tropes expert.
Frequenting of this figure rare,
which some men call sauce malipert.**

**what truth in preaching thou declarest,
I am content that other try.
In this thy worke I can affirme,
that euery line contaynes a lie.**

**And euery lie so shamefully made:
suckt out from saucy fingers end,
That surely some vnhappy sprite,
put to his hand to haue it penned.**

Reply.

**Thou and thy Boner bounteles,
in natures one seme to agree:
Two happy wombes from whence the sprang,
the pestilent fruite of poysoned tree.**

**what Boner was right well appeard,
while wastfull will with might was matcht:
Such wouldst thou seme in power platt,
a bounsing boye of Hidra hatcht.**

**Thy muse doth march in slaunderous sort,
fond rage doth rule thy beastly braine:
Cease shaineles taunting young to toyle,
in Boners case with lyes so vaine.**

I tolde a troth why doost thou lye,
tho preacher none to farre vnfit:
Forbeare to striue against the streame,
let reason rule thy wyrcastling wytte.

Thou doost abuse thy figure much,
that More so ment thou canst not proue:
It is not sure Sauce malepert,
a knaife of knauery to reprove.

Thou wert but lately at the mill,
that ground thy lyes yet somewhat grosse:
Alas good sy? how saucye I,
the serpentes subtiltie to disclose.

When as the Apostles did reprove,
the high priestes, they were sayd to scold,
So I in telling Boners faultes,
of thee am counted saucese bold.

But what if I should tell them all,
then mightst thou haue a heauy hart:
Poore papist sure thou wouldest runne mad,
for why these few doo make thee start.

The spirite that guided hath my pen,
is tryed truth I dare auouch:
You loth to heare his treachery,
because such faultes your selfe do touch.

If vertue had remainde in him,
or were thy yeares replete with grace:
I would haue reuerenced you both,
but to brute beastes I geue no place.

The Libell.

Wid he sue times with solemne othe,
his Christian faith deny?

Did he fūe times renounce the Pope?
O shamefull famous lye.

four tymes belike before his birth,
he did commit the crime:

And then the fift thou doost declare,
was in Lord Cromwells time.

And then was he but very younge,
and knew not chalke from chese:

Perchaunce as loth as thou art now,
promotion for to leese.

Reply.

That sondry times he sworne was,
to maintenaunce of chriſtian ſayth:
His hand doth ſhew forth comining yet,
but periured papistes this not wayeth.

First named Archdeacon of Leicester,
he ſware vnto King Henries booke:
Then elect biſhop of Hereforde,
he ſware againe, the ſtory looke.

Then paſtor he of London made,
agaynſt the Pope he tooke his oth:
And when our ſoueraigne boine was,
he did the like know this for troth.

So at the birth of Prince Edward,
and at his coronation:
He ſware agaynſt the Romiſh whore,
and her abhominacion.

I leaue how ſtoutely he at Rome,
defied the Pope vnto his face:
In Scalding lead he had bene boylde,
but that he packt away a pace.

Then

Thou sayest I made a famous lye,
but I haue proued my wordes full true:
From those thy lines is truth exilde,
as from the rest which doo ensue.

And for his yeares by thy accompt,
full fifty he in Cromwells time:
O shamel's man the truth appeares,
seeke not with lyes to hide his crime.

Thou sayest he liued fourescore and sixe,
but thirty one since Cromwell dyed:
Then fifty five was Boners age,
in Cromwells time, or thou hast lyed.

No baby then a knauish foole,
a crafty cloyne as now thou art:
Thy lines do shew how he could clawe,
and for aduantage play his part.

Promotion sure I neuer chose,
nor gluttied am with worldly pelfe:
But though I all at once should lose,
yet would I not forswear my selfe.

The Libell.

But after he was groundd once,
in wisdomes learned schole.
He did perceauie and sore repent,
that he had playde the foole.

And calling then for God his grace,
for to inspire his hart:
Perfisted still in Christ his faith,
till death did him depart.

Reply.

Thou art deceaued he neuer learnd,
in schole by wisdomes sacred lore:

For to deny the gospell pure,
which he professed had before.

But Judas lyke he Christ betrayde,
a persecuting Saul outright:
As Cain his sinnes he did forthinke,
professing Ieroboams spite.

And as the dogge to vomite turnes,
so Boner leauing wisdomes schole:
To wonted lewdnes made repayre,
the lenger life the greater foole.

wherefore the Lord with drew his spirite,
and gaue him vp vnto his lust:
wherein he ranne a ruthfull race,
till he returned againe to dust.
The Libell,

His yeaeres on earth with honoz spent,
were thre and forty double tolde:
But as for thee thou mayst be hangde,
ere thou be halfe so olde.

Reply.

Herein the princes mercy shines,
our noble Queene sought not his blond:
As he did hers maliciously,
and stubbournely her lawes withstoode.

Her clemency a cureles hart,
she thought in time to trath should turne,
But vice had vertue chased so,
that grace by no meanes might returne.

Full thirty yeaeres now haue I liude,
but rather than I would become:
So quite denoyde of shame as he,
I wish to God for speedy dome.

But

But thou pray for thy selfe I say,
for when both hope and hope are past:
To feele thy wretched bodyes waight,
a rope may serue thy necke at last.

The Libell.

Thou sayst that Papistes lingring hope,
in Bpshoꝝ Boner did depend,
which now, sith death did him preuent,
is come thou trustes to finall ende.

Well then I frame this argument,
a simile to thee agayne:
Sith sundry of thy sinfull sect,
by dint of death are slayne.

As Caluine pillar of your Church,
whome you accompted wise:
In licwe of his false heresie,
was werried by with lice.

Sith Luther, authoꝝ of your sect,
whom Sathans schismes fed:
As drunken sot, with surfetting,
was dead found in his bed.

Reply.

The lingring hope the papistes lost,
was great by Boners fatall fall:
If not consumed into care,
their piewish pride it did appall.

That papists hoped their watchword shewes,
a due vnto the golden day:

Our God is good who than I trust,
shall put you papistes by your pray. &c.

Sometime God doth from anger stint,
he will not beate his children still:
As when he takes tyrantes away,
which liue in hope his church to spill.

Sometime for peoples sinnes also,
doth God bereaue their pastors true:
A token of Gods wrath to come,
and his displeasure to ensue.

So Boner taken away from vs,
fortels the goodnes of our God:
And Luthers death and Caluins both,
was to those countries then a rod.

Our Church on no such pillars standes,
on Christ the rocke, our sayth is stayde:
And though such worthy members dye,
our hartes thereby are not dismayde.

But O thou most infamous wretch,
I thinke the very diuels of hell:
Doo hide their face for very shame,
their sonne so leud a lye to tell.

Did Calvin dye wearied with life?
or like a Lambe with sickness prest?
Beware least life reuenge these lyes,
by wrath of God on that thy breast.

How Martin Luther yelded breath,
apparant is by good record:
And such a stately buriall,
hath wanted many a prince and Lord.

O stiffe neckt Jewe that neuer kentest,
Christes followers for to defame:
with gluttony and drunkenes,
the troth is knowne and breeds thy shame.

But Boner was no surfetor,
by fast and prayer he pined for

That vnneth he had an eye to see,
for fatte he scarcely well might go.

The Iimber dayes he well obsernd,
with fish from Sea and runnyng streame:
And that but base of common sort,
as Lunge, Biet, Pike, Carpe, & Breme.

He fasted oft till hunger came,
he spared much the poore mans beefe:
With Quail and Partridge he tooke paine,
fatte Capons were his chiefe reliefe.

In stede of gresst Mutton pies,
the fattest Wenson from parke and chase:
Both hotte and colde, and that good store,
with wine he washed downe apace.

He had a care for Horse and Mule,
and kept their byanne out of his bread:
On finest manchet that was made,
alas this sely Boner fedde.

And sith the Thames was somewhat farre,
or Lunde water clere and fine:
His morning draught was Hipocras,
or els the purest Muscadine.

For nourishing he loude a Digge,
et non tam caute but I heare:
When hauty hartes were hard to haue,
he was content with Fallow Deare. &c.

He watched when as he could not sleepe,
he prayde that ye might heare him mozt:
In stede of bordes on beddes of downe,
thus was this pynnyng Prelates hurt.

To recreate his sprites he vsde,
Bonles, Cardes, & Tables, all day long;
And set vpon his mery pinne,
could sometime sing a baudy song. &c.

But sith thou doost delight to heare,
of such as dyed in distresse:
Though Luther and Caluin both were cleare,
loe here at least a mischeuous messe.

Pope Adrian, your blessed sire,
in breaching threates agaynst a king;
An vgly Fly with sodayne death,
his holines at throat did sting.

The greatest foe that Luther had,
Eckius yelding vp the ghost:
Did say: foure thousand crownes preparted,
will this dispatch (a lolly boast).

A heauenly end no doubt he made,
he had some Cardinalship to buy:
He thought (as Boner) on his God,
which forst him thus on him to cry.

Cardinall Cretensius
dyed, with sight of a blacke dogge:
In ruth ended Bomelius,
and Thornton that beastly hog.

Iacobus Latomus hauing made,
gaynst Luther an oration long:
Fell straight to desperation,
and ended so his wofull song.

Lord Poncher, and Minerius,
with fire of God were stricken so:

And

And while their flesh consume theerewith,
defied God as mortall foe.

Our Cardinall Poole in Brenewich house
did blesse the Dover Suffragane:
while kneeling downe vpon the staires,
receiue it like a holy man.

The blessing geuen the blessed fell,
downe from the staires his necke he brast:
I thinke the diuell might haue geuen,
as good a blessing with lesse hast.

These were the patrones of your Church,
blessed bishops Boner like:
GREAT tormenters of Christs flocke,
O feare the Lord least he do strike,

The Libell.

Sith Prince of Conde, all your hope,
your buckler and your shielde,
Is traytor false against his Prince,
was slayne in open fielde.

The Prince of Orange put to flight,
With all his band disinayd:
You heretiques must needes confesse,
your courage quite decapde.

Reply.

Of noble princes for to write,
it is to farre without my reach:
But if thou hadst a subiectes heart,
then wouldst thou vse more seemely speech,
Thou shewest well thy trayterous minde,
vnto thy prince and natie land:
A rope, a rope for that parot,
or (Boners bountie) a fire brand,

I knowe the Prince of Conde slayne,
and so your manly Duke of Guise:
The king of Nauarre bid like payne,
Duke Mommorancy in likewise.

The Duke of Alba his soune is dead,
what prayse his father wonne that time?
I doo not tell or neede not write,
for why so hye I will not cline.

The Libell.

Thy slaundersing him with tyranny,
in such a spitefull sort:
Might make some men which knew him not,
beleue thy false report.

Thou sayest that from the face of some,
with clawes he rent the heare:
But where, or when, or names of them,
that canst thou not declare.

But when gaue he reprochfull wordes,
or such disdainfull eyes:
Vnto the Queenes commissioners,
a whetstone for these lyes.

Reply.

Thou breathyng forth with bashles brow,
of lewd lyes loe a monstrous heape:
Doozt me accuse most wrongfully,
the shame therof be sure to reape.

His tyranny doth so appeare,
agayue I neede it not report:
How many wayes in wilfull wise,
or after what a shamelesse sort.

First clapt he men in prison strong,
till rigorous lawes were framed wherby:

With cloke of right he might confesse,
all such as would not Christ deny.

The law so made Churchees flocke to spoyle,
could Boners fury nothyng swage:
But that his blondy handes must helpe,
them to torment in wilfull rage.

Some with his fist he beat so sore,
vpon the face that swollen blacke:
The felly soules condemned to dye,
did byng his marke vnto the stake.

Poorer Tomkins hand did Boner burne,
this tormenter not so content:
With cruell clawes from of his face,
nye halfe his beard the tyrant rent.

Most Tiger lyke was his pagan pawes,
the beard of Rough in rage extreme:
In shameles for the tyrant face,
how blessed he now may ye deme.

What should I neede to name the rest,
they lyue that saw it with their eyes:
Yet falsely thou doest me reprove,
a mill a mill to grinde thy eyes.

Of his reprochefull wordes buineete,
the people are not ignorant:
And loe I would them now recite,
if that thy forged lyes might daunt.

But tho I had a thousand proues,
which would auouch my wordes for sooth:
They might not serue so shameles thou,
no tearh may stop thy lying mouth.

A papistes gyse is this I finde:
the truth with lyes full ouertwarte;
first to assayle with slaunders weyt,
and last he scoldeth out his part.

Of hys leud lye I loth to thinke,
to write it all it yerkerh me:
Tho young I rather wishe thee mend,
least old thou proue as ill as he.

The Libell.

Thy slaunders all I could confute,
but present tyme will not suffice:
yet will I somewhat touch his death,
because I saw it with myne eyes.

Thou absent at his death reportest,
his face both blacke and blew:
But all which saw it witness am,
how that is most vntreue.

Happy art thou if after death,
God graunt to thee this grace:
To haue thy soule as cleare of hewe,
as was this Byshops face.

A dolefull end (thou sayst) he had,
but there thou lvest as in the rest:
For he persisted still in prayer,
whyle any breath was in his brest.

He cride God merrey for his sinnes,
which he by faultie had commit:
And armyng hym with signe of Crosse,
hys soule to God he dyd submit.

Reply.

My slaunders all thou couldest confute,
I slaundred not, why doest thou lye?
B. n. Thou

Thou lackest tyne, nay truth thou wantst;
thy forged falshode for to try.

If that thyne eye beheld his end,
a wofull sight to thee I feare:

Though absent, I haue heard report,
of honeste then thou, euen there.

His keper Waye did it declare,
with other that beheld his ende:

Now if they haue not double tounge,
the truth they told they will defende.

Pray for thy selfe, I am not sicke,
or els a better prayer make:

My soule (I trust) in better hewe,
Christ to his mercy shall betake.

Thou doest this bloudy Boner wrong,
in callyng hym a Byshop still:

For he a beastly butcher was,
the selly Lambes of God to kill.

It is knowen how long he specheles lay,
yet wouldest thou hide but God will not:

Tho Papistes cloke truth will disclose,
in spite of all their knauish knot.

When speach was gone, ye heard him speake,
and call for mercy at the last:

O shainelesse man thinke on the truth,
and call for helpe ere hope be past.

The Libell.

Dolefull to whom was this hys end,
to thee or him, to thee I smell:

For doubtlesse thou doost stomacke this,
that he should liue and dye so well.

Reply.

And though his death more mildere were,
then those his felowes I namde before:
I will not iudge but God doth know,
what wroth he kept for him in store.

The wickednes by you maintaynd,
I hate as deuill and deadly foe:
The men I no whit do enuie,
let bloudy Boner and babell go.

The Libell.

As for his buriall in the night,
some malice there was shewde:
And yet vnto hys blessed soule,
what harme therby ensued.

Your casting hym to homely pit,
in such a theenish place:
Can hynder hym nothyng at all,
to tast of heauenly grace.

For Christ hym selfe betwene two theenes,
did suffer bitter payne:
wherby hys gloze was increast,
for euer to remaine.

Reply.

It is a blessing of the Lord,
to dye in peace in natue land:
And that the fathers graues should hold,
the byethlesse corps once turnde to sand.

But Boner could not that obtaine,
for God did see it was not meete:
And cause the rulers to commaunde,
a worse place, for hym more fit.

W. W. Though

Though Christ were crucified with theeues,
yet buried was in stately toine;
with costly oymmentes very deare,
such was his heauenly fathers doine.

But though here were a theefe at hand,
no Christ to dye or lye by him;
wherefore as it becometh well,
to Sathan Ioe I leaue his liue.

••••• The Libell. •••••

Now farewell Brooke, and if thou thinke,
for all thy learned skill:
That slaundering tongue can ought anaple,
then hardly vse it still.

But if thou know the deuill it loues,
and God detestes the same:
Repent for that which thou hast done,
and leaue it now for shame.

FIN IS.

••••• Reply. •••••

How ill a trothlesse tongue becomes,
in thee I see that doest it vse;
What slaundring lyps do merite still,
thou doest me learne by thyne abuse.

Repentaunce none uede I to craue,
for ought that I haue done or sayd:
Baynt thee or bloudy Boner yet,
if that my cause be iustly wayd.

But hauyng cleared all thy doubtles,
and truly answered thy demaundes;
I giue thy gydes good leaue to grase,
in blacke obliuions very laundes.

And thus of hidden name adew,
thy pieuish peale so lewdly rong:
Declares thy kynd for withered fruite,
from rotten stocke hath alwayes sprong.

Thou doest nothyng degenerate,
from Papistes kynd and seede of Baal,
Thy grandsire is great Lucifer,
his sonne the Pope, ye lyers all.

I was in doubt to vse my pen,
in aunsweryng of so vile a beast:
But that I thought my silence should,
thy causelesse pride haue much increast.

Then henceforth know I do disdeyne,
one word to write agaynst thy rime:
For loe, my handes I should but steine,
in touchyng such a peece of mine.

Now rayle and rage in roystyng wise,
now scolde and scotte thy belly full:
Thy truthlesse tongue I force it not,
I leaue thee wholly to thy Trull.

But yet I do besech the Lord,
to mollifie thy stony heart:
To plant repentaunce by his spirite,
and all the Papistes to conuert.

Fare well vntill thy golden day,
wherin I trust without delay:
All such as would their Christ betray, &c.
shall finde a doome and iudgement day.

Fare well.

FINIS. T. Brooke the younger.